The GLORY of Man's REDEMPTION:

Being a new and lively Emblem of the *Birth, Life, Sufferings, Reſurrection,* and *Glorious Aſcenſion* of our Bleſſed Lord and Saviour *JESUS CHRIST* With a true Explanation. By *Sir* William Daws, *Biſhop of* YORK.

LET Chriſtians all with one Accord rejoice
And praiſes ſing with Heart, as well as Voice,
To God on high, for glorious Things he's done
By ſending us his beſt beloved Son,
That bleſſed Babe, and holy Child of Love,
Came down from Heaven that we might reign Above.
The happy News was brought on Angel's Wings,
Of our Redemption, by the King of Kings;
An earthly Wonder not to be deny'd,
Born of a Virgin Mother, and a Bride:
Not like a Prince in worldly Pomp and State,
But poor and Mean, to make us heavenly Great.
The Night before this happy Day of Grace,
The Virgin Wife had no abiding Place:
She and her Pious *Joſeph* were ſo low,
They ſcarcely knew what, or which Way to go;
For they were forc'd to wander up and down,
And could not get a Lodging in the Town:
But in an Ox's Stall, where Beaſts are fed,
The Mother of our Lord was brought to Bed.
No coſtly Silks, nor Robes of rich attire;
No gaudy Shows for great ones to admire;
But in a Manger (the great Lord of Life,
Was nouriſh'd by a Mother, Maid, and Wife.
Three Wiſe Men, by a Star was thither brought,
And found the bleſſed Babe, they long had ſought;
Where of beſt Spices, and rich coſtly Things,
They humbly offer'd to the King of Kings;
And rather than the Lord of Life betray,
They worſhip'd, and went Home another Way.
Which ſo enrag'd the wicked Herod then,
A *Jewiſh* King indeed, but worſt of Men,
He caus'd young harmleſs Infants to be kill'd,
All under two Years old, their Blood was ſpill'd;
Sad Cries and Groans were heard in every Street,
With maugl'd Bodies, bleeding Hands and Feet;
Young tender Babes their Limbs in Pieces torn,
On Soldiers Spears, with Horror, Spight and Scorn:
Dear Parents could not their Rage prevent,
Nor pity move the Tyrants to repent,
Their black Decree went all the Country round,
To kill and murther Children ſick and ſound;
And tore young Babes even from their Mother's Breaſt,
In hopes to Murther Chriſt among the reſt;
But God above, who knew what would be done,
Had ſent to Egypt his beloved Son.
Where with his earthly Parents he was fed,
Until the Bloody Tyrant he was dead.
What Dangers, and what hazards did he run,
Both Night and Day, leſt we ſhould be undone?
What Pains, what Labour did he not endure,
To ſave our Souls, and Happineſs ſecure;
Was always doing Good to let us ſee,
By his Example what we ought to be;
He made the Blind to ſee, the Lame to go,
And rais'd the Dead, which none but God could do;
He cur'd the Lepers of infected Evils,
And by Almighty Power caſt out Devils;
He honour'd Marriage with a heavenly Sign,
By turning Water to the beſt of Wine.
Five Thouſand hungry Souls by him were fed,
With two ſmall Fiſhes, and five Loaves of Bread;
Sufficient Plenty, and a welcome Treat,
Each wandering Gueſt, with Thanks and Praiſes eat;
When gathering up the Fragments of the Feaſt,
The Wonders, like the Loaves were more increas'd;
Twelve Baskets full, not half ſo much before,
Inſtead of waſting, ſtill increaſed more.
But yet for all the Wonders that he wrought,
Ungrateful *Jews* ſtill his Deſtruction ſought;
And that their wicked Purpoſe might not miſs,
Brib'd *Judas* to betray him with a Kiſs:
Which being done, away they haul'd him then,
And us'd him as the very worſt of Men;
Spit in his Face, and with reproachful Scorns,
They put upon his Head a Crown of Thorns;
Cry'd with one Voice (and would not be deny'd)
To *Pilate* that he ſhould be Crucify'd.
The wicked Judge, like baſe Injuſtice now,
To pleaſe the Crowd, did their requeſt allow;
Againſt his Conſcience, he to end the Strife,
Condemn'd to Death the bleſſed Lord of Life,
Then to the Croſs the Saviour of Mankind
Was led, as harmleſs Lamb, as was deſign'd,
To ſave our Souls, condemn'd by *Adam's* Fall,
Without whoſe Death, we had been ruin'd all:
His bleſſed Hands and Feet with bitter Pains,
Were nailed to the Tree with ſad Diſdain;
With hateful Spear they pierc'd his tender Skin,
And let out Blood to waſh away our Sin.
Thus bleſſed *Jeſus* freely did reſign
His precious Life to ſave both mine and thine.
Then let us all his Mercies highly prize,
Who for our Sins was made a Sacrifice.

The Explanation of the CUT.

A. SEE how the bleſſed Babe on Mother's Knee,
Is worſhip'd by Wiſe Men of high Degree;
B. A King falls down and take him by the Hand,
Whoſe Crown and Scepter are at his Command:
C. Behold the Mother of the Lord of Heaven,
Admires to ſee the preſents that are given:
D. Fine Cups of Gold, with Spices of the beſt,
Brought from the furtheſt Parts of all the Eaſt.
E. Behold the Star that led the Wiſe Men on,
F. And plans *Joſeph* ſhewing them his Son,
G. The Holy Ghoſt, like harmleſs Dove on high,
O'er ſpreads the Place where bleſſed Babe doth lye,
H. See Ox's Stall, the Cradle of our Lord;
No better Lodging would this World afford:
A homely Palace for ſo great a King,
That did ſuch Comfort and Salvation bring.
I. Behold the Fiſhes and the Loaves of Bread,
With which he had ſo many thouſand Fed,
L. See *Judas* Purſe, and Pelf the Price of Blood,
And Hammer which did Nail him to the Wood.
M. See *Peter's* Sword, and Scourge, on *Pillar* bound,
Where bleſſed *Jeſus* cruel Stripes had found.
N. Behold the Crown of Thorns which he did wear,
With Torture, Anguiſh, Sorrow, Grief and Care.
O. The Dice which were by wicked Soldiers thrown,
To try by Lot, who ſhould his Garments own.
P. See Spunge on Reed to ſatisfie his Thirſt,
As if he'd been of all Mankind the worſt,
Q. Behold our bleſt REDEEMER on the Tree,
Shedding his precious Blood for me and thee,
With bitter Torments till his Life was gone.
While Bloody-minded *Jews* ſtood looking on,
Without Remorſe they ſaw his Soul expire,
Whoſe Death they purchas'd with their bloody hire,
And thus our gracious Lord did freely die,
To ſave ſuch ſinful Men as you and I.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard.

N Behold the Dove, an emblem of the
Who ſent to ſave us from our miſe